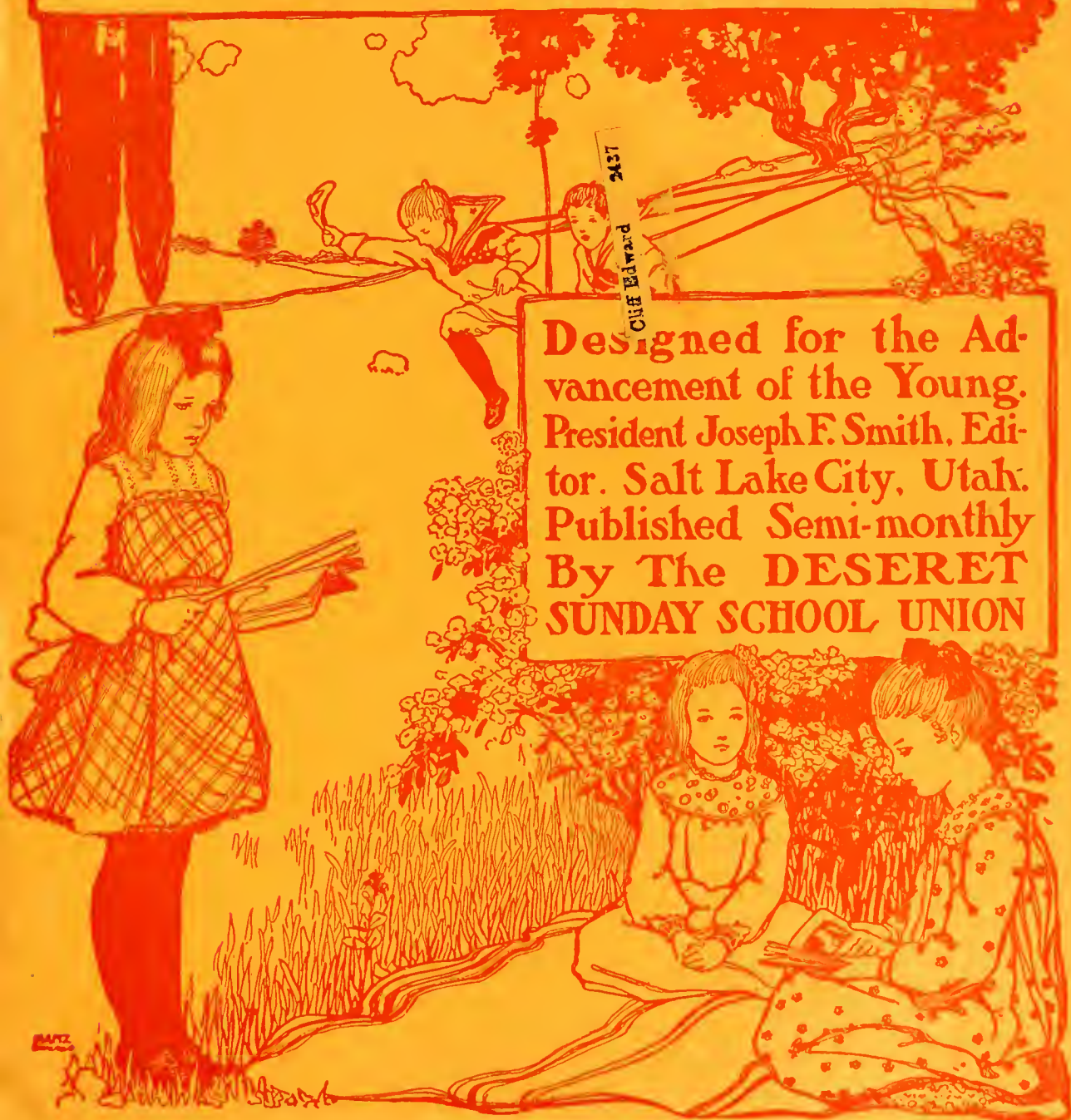


HOLINESS TO THE LORD

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR



Designed for the Advancement of the Young.
President Joseph F. Smith, Editor. Salt Lake City, Utah.
Published Semi-monthly
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SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION

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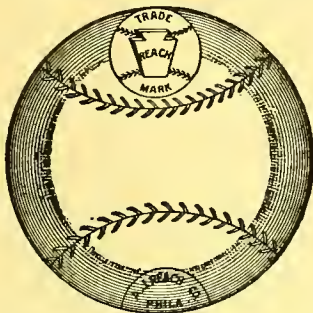
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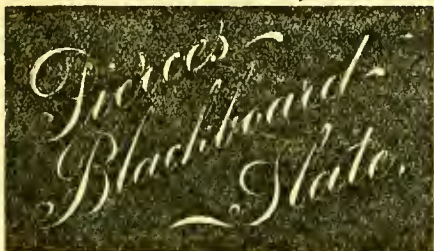
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—Ballads of Life, page 13.

And the gate forever swinging made no grating, no
harsh ringing.

But melodious as the singing of one that we adore,
And the chorus still was swelling, grand beyond a
mortal's telling.

While the vision faded from me with glad word ever-
more.

—Ballads of Life, page 22.

Life's sweetest cup is mingled with bitterest drops
of gall,

And dreary, rainy days will come upon the paths of
all.

—Ballads of Life, page 54.

Great souls by eternal truth set free,
No longer in shackles bow;
The midnight has past, the jubilee
Has begun with the good time now.

—Ballads of Life, page 83.

Our heads are growing gray, dear wife, our hearts
are beating low,

In a little while the Master will call for us to go.

—Ballads of Life, page 26.

What ails papa's mouth, said a sweet little girl,
Her bright laugh revealing her teeth white as pearl,
I love him, and kiss him, and sit on his knee,
But the kisses don't smell good when he kisses me.

—Ballads of Life, page 122.

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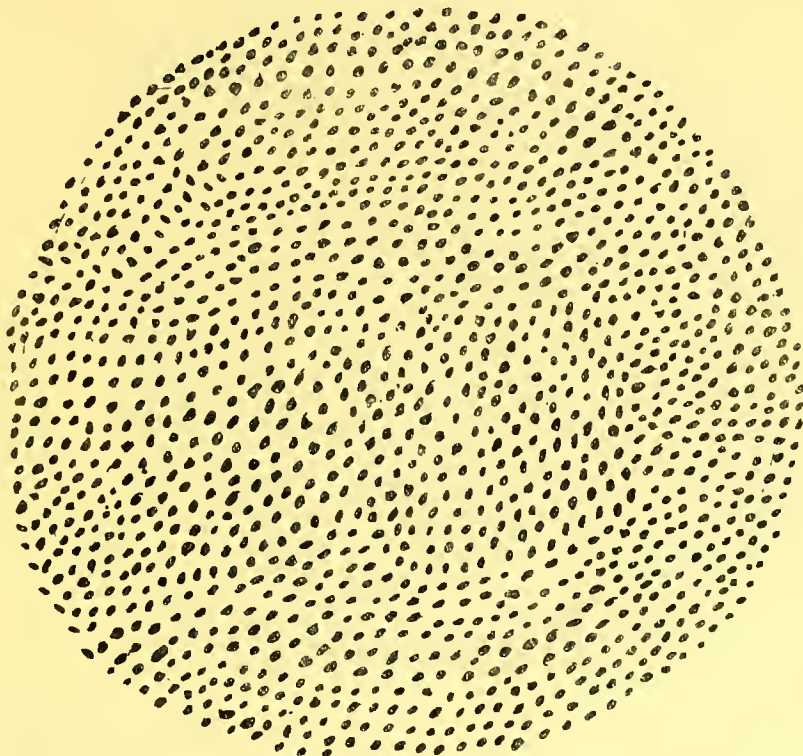
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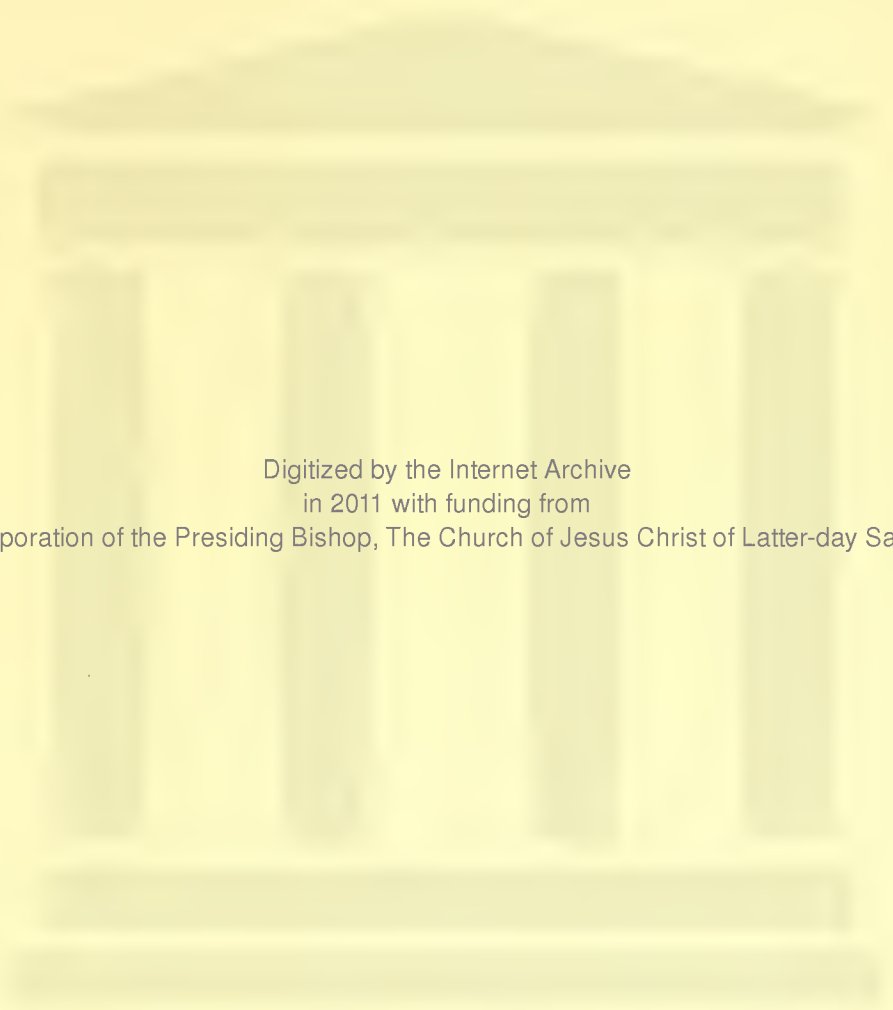
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THE PROPHET JOSEPH SMITH.



# Juvenile Instructor

ORGAN OF THE  
DESERET SUNDAY  
SCHOOL UNION

VOL. XXXVII.

SALT LAKE CITY, MAY 1, 1902.

No. 9.

## THE PROPHET JOSEPH SMITH.

### A SKETCH FROM A SCIENTIFIC STANDPOINT.

**T**HE great reverence and esteem in which the Prophet Joseph Smith is justly held by the Latter-day Saints naturally increases the interest that attaches to his personality, and a brief study therefore of the Prophet's physical organization through and by means of which his spiritual mission was accomplished may perhaps be appreciated by many, especially by the class who like to think as well as to read.

Considered strictly and exclusively from a scientific standpoint the photograph of the latter-day Prophet that is here given, indicates a very intense, strong and wiry organization, and one that in many respects is decidedly unusual. Of course we are at a great disadvantage in the present instance by having no means of ascertaining the width of the head at any part, and consequently it will be impossible to describe something that cannot be seen.

The development of the brain upwards, forwards and backwards (from the opening of the ear) is quite apparent; also the "Temperament" and "Quality" of the organization, may be judged

by this picture, and the material thus supplied will be ample for this article. For a more detailed and thorough delineation, however, there are other data, dimensions, developments, etc., that are very important and which cannot be obtained wholly from a side view. For instance, the width and frontal development of the forehead; the diameter measurement of the head at various parts; the weight of the body considered in connection with the circumference of the brain at its base, all these are more or less conjectural in the present case, and for this reason much that might be of interest will be omitted, because to attempt a complete review of character by merely viewing the side head would be like pretending to describe the architecture, workmanship, beauty and capacity of a building by simply inspecting the front door, or one wing of the building.

However, taking the photograph just as it is, the sharp, clear cut features denote intensity, keenness and remarkable activity, both of body and mind.

The open, straightforward look of the eye expresses candor, sincerity and

earnestness; while its protruding effect and its distance from the orifice of the ear means fluency of speech and a strong verbal memory.

The beautiful arched eyebrow usually accompanies the artistic temperament, and with good "quality" that is shown in the delicately shaped mouth, fine texture of the skin, lustre of the eye, etc., betokens refinement, susceptibility to culture, and the ability to receive polish.

Coming now to the brain proper which is the only reliable source, it cannot be considered remarkable for its extra size so much as for its extra fineness—for its "quality" rather than quantity.

The Prophet Joseph was known to be a tall, handsome, muscular man, and the photograph gives every outward indication of perfect health. Though the head in point of size is not on a scale with the striking development of the body, yet with so much natural vigor, so much vitality to sustain and nourish a brain that, to say the least, was above the average in size, and unquestionably of very superior quality, under these circumstances it is only reasonable to expect from such a mind the very highest results that are compatible with the actual development and culture of the respective organs. This inference is abundantly justified in view of the extraordinary amount of brain power rolled up in the back head which represents executive and combative force.

To that class who deny the divine mission and calling of the Prophet Joseph Smith, who prefer to regard him as a visionary youth with stronger imagination than judgment, a scientific study of the mental and physical endowments as revealed by the photograph before us must certainly prove a revelation, and (to them) a disappointment.

Admitting that abnormal development

of any particular part of the brain portends danger in some one of the many forms according to the organs affected, yet it must be remembered that an organ never is and cannot be abnormal except when its excessive disproportion as compared to other parts of the brain creates a lack of balance in the organization. If other faculties that have a direct opposite tendency are equally well developed and the individual is in sound health, it is simply absurd to attach undue significance to one condition without noting the restraining and counter-acting effect of the other.

For instance, to make this clear and in order to apply the rule to our present subject, if, from the opening of the ear and over the head to the opening of the other ear, a man should measure, say  $15\frac{1}{2}$  inches, while the circumference measurement of the brain at its base gave only 21 inches, that person is mentally unbalanced—especially if his weight be less than 130 pounds.

Under these circumstances the religious faculties are abnormal and only require the exciting cause of physical weakness to produce religious mania.

But suppose the dimension first named of  $15\frac{1}{2}$  inches is found (as it often is) in connection with a brain that measures at its base  $23\frac{1}{2}$  inches, the "moral" group then being balanced become strictly normal, and other things being equal, there is absolutely no danger of excess.

Any attempt, therefore, on the part of the unbeliever to account for the divine manifestations to the Prophet Joseph on the ground of imagination or spiritual hallucination must utterly fail in the light of that scientific test which is so conclusive and so essential to the sectarian minds.

In support of this statement observe the actual length of the brain fibre radiating from the "Medulla Oblongata"

(which corresponds to the opening of the ear) to the anterior portion of the brain at its base, and it will be seen that these fibres are equally as long and therefore equally as powerful in function as those diverging to the top head where the religious faculties are located. For this reason no professional man in America or elsewhere who is competent to give a reliable decision would have the temerity to look at this photograph and claim from the evidence before him that it represented a character predisposed to unusual or extreme religious fervor. It is not denied that the "Moral" group, comprising benevolence, hope, veneration, spirituality and conscientiousness, is large and would certainly exert a powerful influence in moulding the character; but as the organs located in the base of the brain are also developed in a commensurate degree, and as these operate in an entirely opposite direction to the religious faculties, therefore it is inconsistent, illogical and untruthful to assert, as an excuse for unbelief, that Joseph Smith was merely a "visionary youth."

But even when the pet theory of "excessive imagination," "extreme religious fervor," etc., is exploded, yet, to the highly cultured mind of the orthodox sectarian, there is still another objection that to them supplies, or seems to supply, a temporary excuse for doubting the divine message given to the world by the Prophet Joseph Smith.

If, as we have seen, the mental endowments of the Prophet forbid reliance upon the groundless notion of "extreme religious fervor" as a possible explanation of his claim to having received divine manifestations, this discovery, as a rule, simply produces a change of position rather than a change of heart. Their opposition is not easy to abate, because the idea of modern

revelation seems to startle rather than attract the generality of mankind.

Though indisputably a Scriptural doctrine, it conflicts so harshly with the traditional notions inherited for generations in the past, the majority, without investigation, feel obligated to resent the innovation, and if reluctantly compelled to admit that Joseph Smith was not a "dreamer," an innocent, blind victim to the illusions of his own mind, then he must have been a deliberate and shrewd imposter who knowingly sought to impose upon the credulity of the people by launching upon the theological sea a religious craft alleged to be designed by Deity, but in reality being an ingenious creation of his own fertile brain.

It is a lamentable fact that thousands of people to day entertain this opinion. notwithstanding it lacks even the shadow of support in the light of evidence that lies in abundance within the reach of every honest soul.

But confining our investigation in the present instance strictly within scientific limits, there is, from this standpoint little or no chance for speculation on the question: Was Joseph Smith himself the founder and author of Mormonism?

Accepting the accompanying photograph as reliable (and we believe it is) it is self evident to any one familiar with the accepted rules that apply and govern in the interpretation of character that Joseph Smith was not specially gifted as an inventor of any description, and though he possessed remarkable ability in certain directions, as will be shown, it was not in the line of astonishing originality.

Furthermore it may be stated definitely and finally, that history or individual experience fails to furnish a single instance where extraordinary inventive genius in the direction of deep, profound, philosophical thought is found in con-

nection with a type of intellect similar to that possessed by the Prophet. Men of this stamp frequently shine with enviable lustre in various spheres of active life, but as the outgrowth of innate talent never become famous for exceptional brilliancy and genius in the realm of philosophy.

Observe for instance, the prominence of the lower portion of the forehead.

A line drawn from this point immediately over the eyebrow to the centre of the ear will show immense reach of the "Perceptive" faculties, the special province of which is to take cognizance of material things and conditions, not as imagination might picture them or as reason would arrange them, but just as they actually exist.

This type of head wherever found, where the "Perceptives" predominate over the "Reflectives" or reasoning faculties, imparts to the character a mathematical, precise, and distinctly matter-of-fact cast, and insures to the individual keen powers of observation, acute perception of facts, unusual ability to absorb and utilize practical knowledge, and gives sound judgment rather than brilliancy, tact rather than talent, and science rather than philosophy. This description therefore applies in the present case, and to assert that the Prophet's nature was more practical than theoretical, to say that he was not naturally and primarily a sage, original thinker and profound reasoner must not be construed as evincing a lack of proper respect and reverence for this illustrious man, but rather a desire to honor him, because in the light of that evidence revealed by the photograph before us, it is clearly impossible for the unbeliever with the least degree of consistency to say he was an imposter without first utterly repudiating all the accepted theories and deductions of modern science.

All that is comprehended in the term Mormonism today was well understood by the Prophet, and if we consider this, if we are capable of grasping even to a limited extent what Mormonism really means, then, willingly or unwillingly, the conclusion is simply forced upon the reflective mind that Joseph Smith was truly inspired, because to suppose for an instant that a scheme or plan of salvation so broad, far-reaching and sublimely perfect could possibly be evolved from this (or any other) human brain is to suppose something strangely at variance with reason, something contradicted by science and conclusively refuted by facts as substantial as the pyramids.

No man however skilled, who has made a study of the human mind and who will confine his investigations within the legitimate sphere of those fixed laws that govern in the interpretation of character by means of the physical organization, can possibly trace in this photograph the source of that transcending wisdom that would be necessary to originate a creed possessing the vitality, the stamina and grandeur of the faith espoused by the Latter-day Saints.

Even if considered purely as an intellectual product apart from either faith or endorsement, Mormonism stands today a marvel, unparalleled for its unique organization, for the broadness of its principles, for its scope and for the practical results already accomplished, and if, in view of its stupendous proportions, the absurdity of attributing its existence to the innate genius of Joseph Smith is made apparent, how supremely preposterous the claim must appear when we remember his youth and lack of education!

It is no part of the writer's purpose to prove (what he does not believe) that Joseph Smith was in any sense of the

term an inferior man, but on the principle that "a stream never rises higher than its source," the fact is conclusively established that Joseph Smith, independent of divine aid, was physically incapable of conceiving a plan of redemption that even approaches the magnitude of the glorious work dimly expressed by the word "Mormonism."

This line of argument is indulged solely to expose the fallacy of sectarian objections. The Latter-day Saints occupy higher ground. They know that the Prophet Joseph Smith was merely the chosen and favored instrument through whom God revealed those glor-

ious principles that have already greatly modified sectarian theology, and that will eventually, "leaven the whole lump."

It is not the province of science to prove that he was a prophet, but science demonstrates clearly and conclusively that he was not an imposter, and furthermore science points out that the mental and physical endowments of Joseph Smith were precisely what was required to constitute him an efficient and competent instrument in the hands of God to accomplish the glorious mission to which he was assigned.

N. Y. S.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



## MAY QUEENS.



GROUP of girls laughed and chatted merrily as they walked homeward from school, one Friday afternoon, early in spring.

"What a pleasant shower we had this morning!" said one.

"April showers bring May flowers," answered rosy cheeked Laura Hess, who looked as though life to her was one continual spring-time.

"See those fleecy white clouds, aren't they lovely!" she continued, "and the sky is so clear and blue. Think you Flora will condescend to hasten her gifts to crown our Queen of May, or will we have to borrow Mrs. Pierce's spring hat trimmings, as we did before?"

"We won't do that, we had enough of borrowing last year," replied another girl. "Who shall we have for queen, Dolly Duffin, or Stella Black?"

"Stell is my choice," said Miss Mapleton.

"O, here comes Elsie Aldrich, let's make her Queen of the May!" laughingly remarked one of the girls, at which all except sweet little Ellen Bert indulged in a general outburst of merriment. The laugh subsided as a pale faced girl came slowly along towards the group. Her steps were irregular and unsteady, her form bent and disfigured. She said "Good evening," pleasantly as she passed. Ellen Bert alone returned the poor cripple's salutation with a cheery "Good evening, Elsie," while her companions tittered audibly, to Ellen's surprise and mortification.

"She looks like a dromedary with that great hump on her back," remarked one.

"Dromedaries have two humps, but her's would do to divide, its large enough for two," said another.

"O girls! how can you make sport of a poor, unfortunate person like Elsie? I can't see that she looks so awfully bad; she has a sweet face and such a kind, good voice I love to hear her talk," said Ellen.

"You're always falling in love with some old crony; she has a pretty sister though," one answered.

"That's what she has! Her sister Anna is pretty enough to have come of a better family," remarked Laura Hess.

"To have come of a better family?" Ellen questioned.

"Have you noticed how proud Anna is of Elsie? I saw her introduce her to Professor B. the other day, and she did it as proudly as if Elsie had been the first lady of the land," said Miss Mapleton.

Ellen spoke earnestly now, "Anna has just cause for being proud of her sister, if she is a cripple. Poverty is no disgrace, except as people make it so; and as for education, there is an education that is better than that learned from books.

"You remember Miss Flinch; none of us liked her, and yet she is an educated woman; or rather she has an educated head; but her heart!—It is such as she that are poor, poor in the education of the spirit. Elsie Aldrich has an educated heart; she knows and lives the Gospel better than most of us who have been born and raised under the shadow of God's holy temple."

"Perhaps so," said Laura.

"There is a sad but interesting history back of the quiet life that Elsie leads here," continued Ellen.

"What is it, Ellen, any secrets about it?" asked one.

"Yes, tell us; I have often wondered what was the cause of her being a cripple," added another.

"We are all anxious to hear Elsie's

story, may be it will make saints of us," said Miss Mapleton.

"There will not be time to tell it now, but if you really want to hear it, and will come to our house this evening or tomorrow, you shall hear it as nearly as I can remember, just as Sister Aldrich told it to mania and me one day last summer. On conditions, however, that you will hereafter treat Elsie Aldrich with the courtesy that she deserves."

"We promise!" said the girls in a chorus.

"When will you come!" called Ellen, as she entered the gate leading to her own elegant home.

Three o'clock the next day was agreed upon, and regardless of rain and mud the time appointed found the party assembled in Mrs. Bert's pleasant parlor, all eager for Ellen's narrative.

"Now, Sister Nell, we're all attention, and growing impatient to hear your story," said Laura after a lapse of several minutes, during which time the girls had been unusually quiet for girls so full of life and laughter.

"Where did Mr. Aldrich come from! If they are so very poor why didn't they settle in the country? It don't matter much if country folks are poor," said the richly clad Miss Mapleton, toying with a glittering ring that adorned her white hand.

"They had to settle where they could," said Ellen, "Elder Black, who baptized them is letting Brother Aldrich have a piece of his farm land and helping them in other ways, so Stella told me. They, Brother and Sister Aldrich, had lived in D—from the time they were married, and for a few years were prospered in every way. Then fortune turned against them. They had three children, the eldest a daughter. The two younger, both boys, died within a year; then their home was destroyed by fire leav-

ing them to begin again from the ground.

"They succeeded in building a fairly comfortable home. There little Anna was born, and oh! the comfort she brought into the sorrowing heart of her poor mother.

"Prosperity again dawned upon them. When Anna was three years old she and Elsie went one day with their father out into the woods where he was clearing a piece of land. They watched him chop down the big trees, gathered ferns and flowers and made play houses in the soft earth. The time slipped away, and after a while Anna grew restless and wanted her papa to take her home. Elsie amused her as best she could until she herself grew weary; and she allowed her attention to be attracted from her little charge for a moment. When she again turned to Anna it was to see her standing directly in the course of the declining tree her father was felling. Already it tottered, another stroke and it would fall. There was but one thing to do. With a cry of terror Elsie sprang forward and gave her little sister a push violent enough to send her out of the way of the falling tree. Brother Aldrich saw the perilous position of his children, but too late. Elsie in saving her sister was caught beneath the tree and pinned to the ground. The father for a moment seemed petrified by the awful sight and the pitiful cries of his child. With great difficulty Elsie was extricated from the dreadful position, and carried home.

Sister Aldrich said when she saw her husband coming with Elsie in his arms and little Anna plodding by his side, she was afraid he was bringing Elsie home to her dead. She felt that she could not endure that. But for Elsie death would have been so sweet, for the tomb holds no such suffering as her's has been, her

mother said; and still she never murmured. For three long years she never raised her head from the pillow without help."

"Poor thing! couldn't the doctors do anything for her?" asked one of the listeners.

"But little. Poor Elsie feared she would never be able to walk again."

"O Ellen, how terrible!" cried Laura.

"The heroic act that cost Elsie her physical strength and beauty preserved to Anna her life. Do you wonder now that Anna Aldrich loves and values her crippled sister?"

"No Ellen, how could any of us wonder at it? I feel ashamed and sorry for my own rude conduct toward her," replied Amanda Mapleton.

Ellen went on with her story. "When Brother Aldrich and his family heard the Gospel their hearts were pricked, and humbly they obeyed it. Elsie was also carried into the water and baptized. Since then Sister Aldrich says Elsie's health has gradually improved; she suffers but little now, and Elsie herself believes that through the blessings of the Holy Priesthood she will yet be entirely and permanently healed.

"After they had joined the Church their neighbors and friends turned bitterly against them, and Brother Aldrich was unable to sell his property for anything like its real value. They left all and have suffered much for the Gospel's sake. Girls, who of us would have the courage to give up home and friends and all we have on earth for our religion?

"Elsie stayed with me a week while papa and mamma were gone to the Jubilee. I never knew a more humble, unselfish person. I often think that we, with our beautiful homes and good clothing, of which we are sometimes so proud, are much less in the sight of our

Heavenly Father than poor crippled Elsie is."

"We are, some of us, at least. I for one shall try to prove to Elsie Aldrich that I can honor my station in life by appreciating a noble character, if it does appear in humble garb," said pretty Miss Mapleton.

"I too shall try to make amends for my rudeness toward Elsie," was another's remark.

"It seems to me that Ellen has taught us all a lesson that will be good for us to remember and act upon. I felt yesterday that Ellen's example was a rebuke to me for being so rude," said

"Girls, it pleases me to hear you express a desire to atone for your unkindness to Elsie, and to act more as becomes students of our academy, and children of Latter-day Saints. Mama sometimes tells me that false pride is like a cankering sore that leads to destruction, and is not a part of our glorious Gospel. And that God has gathered out the meek and lowly of the earth; and the humble and obedient in His kingdom shall become His mighty men and women. I want to be among those mighty ones, and be great because I am good, and I want all of my dear friends to be with me and enjoy my greatness. In order to do this we, you girls, and I and crippled Elsie, as daughters of Zion, must lock arms and march along to victory," said Ellen.

Yes, girls," Laura remarked, putting her arms around several of the girls who were standing near her, "and all along the line of march, let us hereafter do as our poet, O. F. Whitney says, 'Look for kings in beggar's garb, for diamonds in the dust!'"

Elsie's story was repeated many times from one to another, until the young girl came to be looked upon as a real heroine in the neighborhood. And very

soon after that little gathering at Sister Bert's, Elsie Aldrich and her Sister Anna were made to feel that if through obedience to the Gospel they had lost the friends of their childhood, they had been given sisters and brothers in increasing numbers from among the children of Zion.

In the school-room one sunny afternoon towards the close of April, Stella Black and Amanda Mapleton were nominated as rivals for the queenship at the first of May celebration, which was promising to be quite a grand affair. Whereupon Miss Mapleton modestly expressed her gratitude to her friends for the compliment they paid her in placing her name on their list as a nominee for the exalted position of queen for a day. But she respectfully requested that her name might be withdrawn in favor of her more worthy friend, Miss Elsie Aldrich.

Stella immediately seconded Miss Mapleton's nomination, and moved by some quiet, unseen influence, perhaps the strong force of sympathy coupled with admiration, the whole school voted for Elsie Aldrich, without one dissenting voice.

The sunny days continued, and on May day the wild flowers were abundant. And when the girls, assisted by their boy friends, had built and prepared the floral covered throne for their gentle yet noble Queen Elsie, that young lady appeared with a lovely, delicate flush on her usually pale face, and a new and happy light in her mild gray eyes.

Ellen Bert and Amanda Mapleton, as first maids of honor, then led Elsie forward and seated her upon her royal throne.

Immediately after, Stella Black and Anna Aldrich, as royal princesses, appeared at the back of the throne, and with a pretty and appropriate speech in

dialogue, placed the beautiful crown of flowers upon the head of their chosen queen. The queen responded with a brief, happy and decidedly queenly proclamation.

Then, as the whole school joined in singing a "May Day Chorus," the dear and kind old Bishop of the ward was saying, in an undertone, but with a

beaming face, though there were tears in his eyes:

"Queens indeed, ah, queens indeed! Blessed girls that they are, in their purity and unselfishness; their love for each other and their devotion to the truth. Queens indeed! May queens—yes, and queens forever!"

*Snowdrop.*



### SOME PASSAGES FROM THE LIFE OF PATRIARCH ARCHIBALD GARDNER.

**A**RCHIBALD GARDNER is a name familiar to the early settlers of Utah, he who held it having been one of the pioneers and a leader among men. He was the son of Robert and Margaret Calinder Gardner, and was born at Kilsyth, Stirlingshire, Scotland. When he was nine years of age his parents, with all their family, immigrated to Canada. They settled in the "back woods" and endured many hardships in subduing the forests, clearing land and preparing homes in the then wilds of Canada.

As the people had so far to go to mill, "Archie," then a young man, conceived the idea of building a grist mill at Brooke, Canada, which he accomplished before he was married. He married Margaret Livingston, February 19, 1839.

Sometime in 1844, John Borrowman, an Elder of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, came to Canada on a mission, and through his preaching all the Gardner family were converted. The family at that time consisted of the father and mother, two brothers and one sister and their families, and Archibald, (who was baptized in April, 1845,) and his

family, making twenty-four in all. The spirit of gathering came upon them and they were determined to join their for-



PATRIARCH ARCHIBALD GARDNER.

tunes with the body of the Church. Joseph Smith the Prophet had been

cruelly murdered in the June of the year previous and the Saints were preparing to move to the west.

At that time Archibald owned two good grist mills, a saw mill and five hundred acres of land. He sold one grist mill and the saw mill for sixteen hundred dollars. This was valued at six thousand dollars just before he joined the Church. The other grist mill he sold for twenty-two hundred dollars, though it was valued at five thousand dollars. He concluded to lose everything else he had and move with the rest of the family to the west. He had however made a contract with two other men to furnish staves at a certain place at a certain time; he had only gone in with the others to help them out, and he was to have time. But in Canada the devil raged against the Mormons, and these men, through that influence, determined to stop the Gardner family from moving. Archibald saw that they were determined to destroy them if they could and take from him all the means he had on hand to move with, so he concluded it was best to lose all the staves he had on the river bank, about sixty thousand, all culled, and valued at fifty dollars per thousand. This was in the spring of 1846. Putting his trust in the Lord, he bade his family and relatives good-bye, and started, saying farewell to the home of his youth, where, using his own words, he had passed many happy days and spent many a drop of sweat and done a great deal of hard work. He went away, leaving his wife sick, but with a prayer that the Lord would spare her and their little ones until they should meet again.

He started at night and traveled thirty miles, arriving at Port Sarnia, on the banks of the St. Clair river, at day-break. Here another obstacle came in his way. It was about the first of March

and the ice was breaking up. He started on the ice with his mind so filled with thoughts of home and his family that he was leaving behind and of himself as an exile in a strange land among strangers, that he took no notice of where he was walking until he heard a shout warning him of his danger. Raising his head he saw a crowd collected, waving their hats and handkerchiefs for him to turn back, which he did. He then went up the street to a friend by the name of John Anderson, who had come with him to see him safely out of Canada. He gave Anderson ten dollars to go back to his family and tell them that he saw him safe across the river. "For," said he to his friend, "I am going safely across that running ice." His faith was so strong in the Lord that he knew he would be delivered from his enemies who were following him.

He then went down again to the bank of the river, and this is the prayer that he uttered there:

"Oh God, the God of ancient Israel, Thou knowest the desire of Thy servant's heart, and as I am now fleeing from mine enemies, so that I can gather with the Saints, and as I have not done wrong, but seek to keep Thy commandments, wilt Thou have mercy on Thy servant and stop this ice, so that I may be delivered and not fall into the hands of my enemies. Amen."

He said all fear then vanished and he felt the power of faith as he never had felt it before. He took a running jump of about ten feet and landed to the knees in mush ice, but the roar of the running ice had ceased, and nothing was heard save the shouts of the people from the opposite bank warning him of his danger. The ice ceased to flow and he pursued his way, climbing over cakes and piles of broken ice until he got across the river, which was one mile and

eight rods wide at that place. He then breathed a silent prayer, thanking his Heavenly Father for his deliverance.

On reaching the further side he mingled with the astonished crowd, some of whom said he must be a Mormon, while some declared that the devil was in the man. Brother Gardner, however, said not a word, simply shaking his head at an old acquaintance, (a Mrs. Devenport, whom he met among the rest,) as a signal for her to be silent.

He then journeyed for about two miles, when he came to himself, and began to feel sleepy and tired as he had traveled many miles on foot over bad roads. A lonesome feeling also came over him as he thought of the long journey before him of seven hundred miles to Nauvoo, and of his family and friends whom he had left behind. He again prayed to the Lord, thanking Him for stopping the ice and also prayed that a team and wagon might be sent that way so that he could get a ride. When he had finished this prayer he looked up and saw two teams not far away. He said he would know they were sent of the Lord if the drivers called and asked him to ride. When they got close the men shouted, "Friend, do you want a ride?" He answered, yes, and said in his heart, "God bless these men."

He rode with them to within twenty miles of Detroit, some one hundred and ten miles from where he had started, having traveled all this distance without sleep or refreshment. After resting over night he took the cars for Kalamazoo, one hundred and forty miles from Detroit, and two hundred and fifty from home. He then felt safe and went on his way rejoicing until he reached Nauvoo, where he stayed eleven days before returning to meet his family and relatives, it having been previously arranged that they would follow as soon as the necessary

arrangements could be made. They met at Joliet, Illinois, and it was a joyful meeting, all being still strong in the faith. They then proceeded to Nauvoo where they stayed three weeks to fit themselves out and prepare for the move west, and then went to Winter Quarters where they remained during the winter of 1846-47. They started for the Rocky Mountains about June 1st, 1847, in Bishop Hunter's company of one hundred, and Elder Joseph Horne's fifty, Brother Gardner being a captain of ten. They arrived in Salt Lake valley October 1st, 1847, and spent the first winter near the Warm Springs.

In the spring of 1848 they moved to Mill Creek, Salt Lake county, where they resided for about ten years, until the move south at which time they settled at Spanish Fork, Utah county. In the fall of 1858 Brother Archibald Gardner was called to be Bishop of West Jordan ward, Salt Lake county, which office he held for over thirty years. He also held many offices of trust, serving two terms in the Territorial Legislature.

He obeyed the principle of celestial marriage, and at the time of the persecutions for polygamy he, like so many of his brethren, was forced to leave his home and family, and during his travels while away spent some time in old Mexico. On his return he took part of his family and went to Star Valley, Wyoming, where he did much towards developing that country.

It was at that time, on account of being forced to leave his ward for so long, that he was released from being Bishop of West Jordan. He was released May 31, 1891, and ordained a Patriarch, which office he held in the Jordan Stake of Zion at the time of his death.

His chief occupation was building mills and bridges and making roads and

getting out timber from the mountains, and he was never so happy as when surrounded by busy men, and listening to the hum of the saw. The sound of the mill-wheel to him was the sweetest of music. During his life time he was called "the poor man's friend," and being always ready to help his fellowman, he was constantly planning something for the welfare of the public. He was the principal promoter of the Jordan river canal system, thus helping to make homes for thousands of families. During the early days, and in fact all the years following, he was closely connected with the leaders of the Church, both in business and Church duties. He was a personal friend of President Brigham Young and many others of the leaders of the Church. He was much interested in the youth of Zion and a warm support-

er of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, being a subscriber from the first issue to the present volume.

He died at the St. Mark's Hospital, Salt Lake City (after an operation for hernia) on February 8, 1902, and was buried on the 12th. His age was eighty-seven years, five months and six days; he was the father of forty-eight children, and had two hundred and one grandchildren and thirty-four great-grand children. He left three wives, sixteen sons, twelve daughters, one hundred and fifty-five grand-children, and thirty-two great-grand children and hosts of friends to mourn his loss. He was a kind husband, a loving father, and faithful friend, and a staunch and able defender of the cause of truth and righteousness, and his memory will live in the hearts of thousands of Saints in the latter days.



### ON A CENTRAL AMERICAN FINCA.

**T**HE finca of San Felipe lies a day's journey from either Rosario or Guastaloya, its nearest neighbors. To be sure, there are a few Indian huts and straggling corn patches between, but these count for nothing in the opinion of the Castilians who have had possession of the soil for three long centuries. No wagon roads connect the vast estates. The only vehicles are the clumsy, solid-wheeled ox-carts that do service in the immediate vicinity of the *casa grande*. Across the level savannas, where a few lean, long-horned cattle graze, and through the dense thorny jungles are a few bridle trails. San Felipe is not given to visiting. It is a little kingdom within itself, and the owner is as proud as was the first Don

Ramon, who received his patent second-hand from his most Catholic majesty of Spain and all the Indies.

The *casa grande* is very old, almost as old as the aforementioned patent. The present Don Ramon is as contented with it as was his great-grandfather. He would not exchange it for a palace. His wife and children are also satisfied. They can imagine no home more comfortable or more grand. The great house is situated on a little eminence. About it are fields of corn, of sugar cane and of beans—the staple productions of the estate. Somewhere in the brush at the foot of the hill is a little *posa* (shallow well). Here pigs wallow, and, all day long, a stream of women come to it, from their huts or from the *casa*, to

fill their *ollas*. Water might be obtained much more easily, but human labor is cheap and no one dreams of any improvement in the old method of doing things.

From a distance San Felipe would be taken for a fortress. Its great square, adobe wall, fifteen feet in height, is unbroken, save by one pair of huge gates that are thrown wide open every morning, and are carefully closed and locked soon after the sun goes down. Within, and built about the wall in a hollow square, are the various apartments of the castle. Directly opposite the gate are the rooms of Don Ramon and his family, surrounding a smaller courtyard in which grow a few flowers and tropical fruits. The rooms are small and cheerless, with paved floors, scanty furniture, and small barred windows. There are bedrooms, dining room, office, and kitchen. The latter contains neither stove nor range, the cooking being done on a raised hearth and the smoke escaping through roof, doors and windows. Next to the living rooms is the chapel, for every large estate has its priest, who is a sort of family retainer. Then come quarters for the house servants, store rooms, sugar press, and stables. In the courtyard proper are pigs, cattle, poultry, rickety carts and quaint wooden plows. The *mozos* (farm laborers, who are virtually slaves,) live in huts outside the *casa grande*.

Early in the morning, before day-break, the major domo (superintendent) goes to the gate and blows a long blast on his horn. This is the signal for the laborers to arise. Half an hour later another blast sends them to their work. They go without breakfast. This meal is taken to them in the fields by their wives about 8 o'clock. Usually before going to work they assemble in

the courtyard, where the roll is called and the *mozos* are given the implements that they will use during the day. Some fasten the oxen to the plow, which has but one handle. The oxen wear no yoke, the long pole being fastened to the horns by leather thongs. The tongues of the carts are fastened to the horns of the cattle in the same way. There seems to be but two hand implements in general use, one is the machete or cane knife, which is also used for clearing the jungle, trimming fruit trees, and sometimes for digging; the other a heavy, clumsy mattock or hoe that serves the purpose of garden fork, hoe, pick, shovel and rake combined.

For an hour after the *mozos* go out to their work silence reigns in San Felipe. Then the sun begins to warm up the scene. Carts bring up loads of cane. The great, clumsy sugar press, with its upright wooden rollers, begins to creak and groan. Fires are lighted under the pans where the juice is boiled. Household servants begin to bestir themselves, and the day is fairly here. After the *mozos* have been at work for two or three hours Don Ramon arises. Later his wife and children put in an appearance. He is fairly well dressed, but the other members of the family are dirty and "slouchy." The lady of the finca never thinks of attiring herself properly except to go to mass, to a party, or when some distinguished guest honors the place with his presence. First on the program is a cup of coffee, taken without tortillas or food of any kind. Regular breakfast is served about 11 o'clock. After coffee the *finquero* mounts his horse and rides about the place to see how work is progressing. The children go out into the yard to play with the poultry and pigs, while the mother devotes her attention to some old novel

that she has probably read a dozen times before. Between ten and eleven o'clock the heat of the sun becomes so oppressive that every one seeks a rest. The *finquero*, having given his orders for the afternoon's work, returns to breakfast, and the *mozos* take a three hours' rest. Only the sugar press keeps up its monotonous droning and the fire under the molasses kettles is not allowed to die down.

Breakfast is a hearty meal in Spanish America. People have been up long enough to acquire a tremendous appetite, and there is nothing to do after breakfast but to take a siesta until the shadows begin to lengthen, so overloaded stomachs are the rule and good digestions the exception among the upper classes. Of course there will be coffee and tortillas, boiled plantains, beans and one kind of meat. This may be pork, but usually it is game from the forest—turkey, pisoti (raccoon), iguana (a gigantic lizard), or armadillo. The latter is the most delicious meat that the jungle affords. It is boneless and in appearance and flavor very much like veal. We are all familiar with pictures of the armadillo in natural histories and geographies. Its short legs and bony covering prevent its running fast, and when it is found by the dogs it curls up in a ball in which the teeth, even of a jaguar, can make no impression. It is killed with a club. Venison, too, is found near all natural water holes and on the savannas, but as the natives have but few firearms and these of the oldest type, it is only when the *finquero* goes hunting that there is deer meat on the table. Fruit is also an essential at breakfast, the wild fruits of the country being most healthful and delicious.

The laborers go out to work in the field about 3 o'clock in the afternoon and stay until dark. The supper hour for

the casa grande is about 6 o'clock, and chocolate and tortillas are served about bed time. The *mozos* are naturally lazy and they take no interest in what they are forced to do by their taskmasters. Virtually they are all slaves for debt, and all that they get for their toil is their food and scanty clothing for themselves and their families.

Sundays, saints' days and the Christmas season alone vary the monotony of the *mozo's* life. The master of the finca usually makes an annual visit to the capital, where he buys clothing and supplies, gambles, drinks and spends his money after the fashion of a Spanish gentleman. The family make occasional visits to their nearest neighbors or to the department town. The *mozo* belongs to the estate. Here he is born; here he dies. He seldom leaves it except as a fugitive. Sunday is his day of enjoyment. On that morning the major domo blows no horn, but the chapel bells ring early and the Indians try to get to early mass so that they may not obtrude their unwelcome persons when the mistress of the manse, with the household retainers, comes to the later and more elaborate service. After mass the Indian women erect little booths in the courtyard. Here they sell home-made cloth, candles, eggs, vegetables, pork and whatever else they may have that is not needed at home. As the buyers have no money, the transactions are by barter and trade. At the great house the store room is open and the *mozos* can buy gaudy cotton fabrics, spirits and such things as cannot be obtained in the native booths. Their purchases only make them more indebted to the *finquero* and add to the duration of their serfdom. This slavery for debt is, perhaps, the greatest curse of Central America. It prevents the Indian from becoming independent and from rising

to positions that he might otherwise attain. But he has been crushed by so many centuries of oppression that the spirit is all out of him, and it will take a generation or two of independence to change him from the mere animal that he is now to the man that he was when Alvarado conquered Guatemala.

Sunday afternoon and evening is devoted to dancing or to drunken revelry for the *mozos*, but in the *casa grande* Sunday is exactly like every other day

of the week, except for the morning mass and an occasional visit from a neighboring *finquero*. The children who are brought up under such conditions and amid such surroundings are not only densely ignorant but they are immoral from childhood and they lack mental ambition and physical energy. Their home training and education will be the subject of another article.

W. M. W.



### WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

**W**ILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT was born in Cummington, Mass., November 3, 1794.

His father was a physician, but his son did not like to follow his father's profession.

His mother was a lineal descendant of John Alden, the lieutenant of Miles Standish, the hero of Longfellow's poem.

When he was only three years old he was taught to recite Dr. Watts' and Cowper's poems.

Bryant once said of the books he read when a child that some were trash, but among the ones he liked were, Robinson Crusoe and The Pilgrim's Progress.

Bryant was a great lover of nature. Nearly every day he went out into the woods and fields with his father, who talked to him about the things they saw.

In 1807 President Jefferson wanted American ports closed against British trade. This was very unpopular, and young Bryant caught the spirit of the time and wrote the poem called, "The

Embargo," or "Sketches of the Times." It was published in Boston and many people doubted that it was written by a child of thirteen, so a second edition was printed. He entered Williams' College when he was sixteen, in 1810.

He was very much liked there and soon gained great renown as a student of literature. He remained at college only two years on account of his father's financial affairs, and after he went home he studied law. He began to practice in Plainfield, after going to Great Barrington.

While he was away his father found the manuscript of one of his poems. After reading it he sent it to the *North American Review* to have it published. Mr. Dana, the editor, could hardly believe that an American boy of that age, only eighteen, could have written it.

This great poem is called "Thanatopsis."

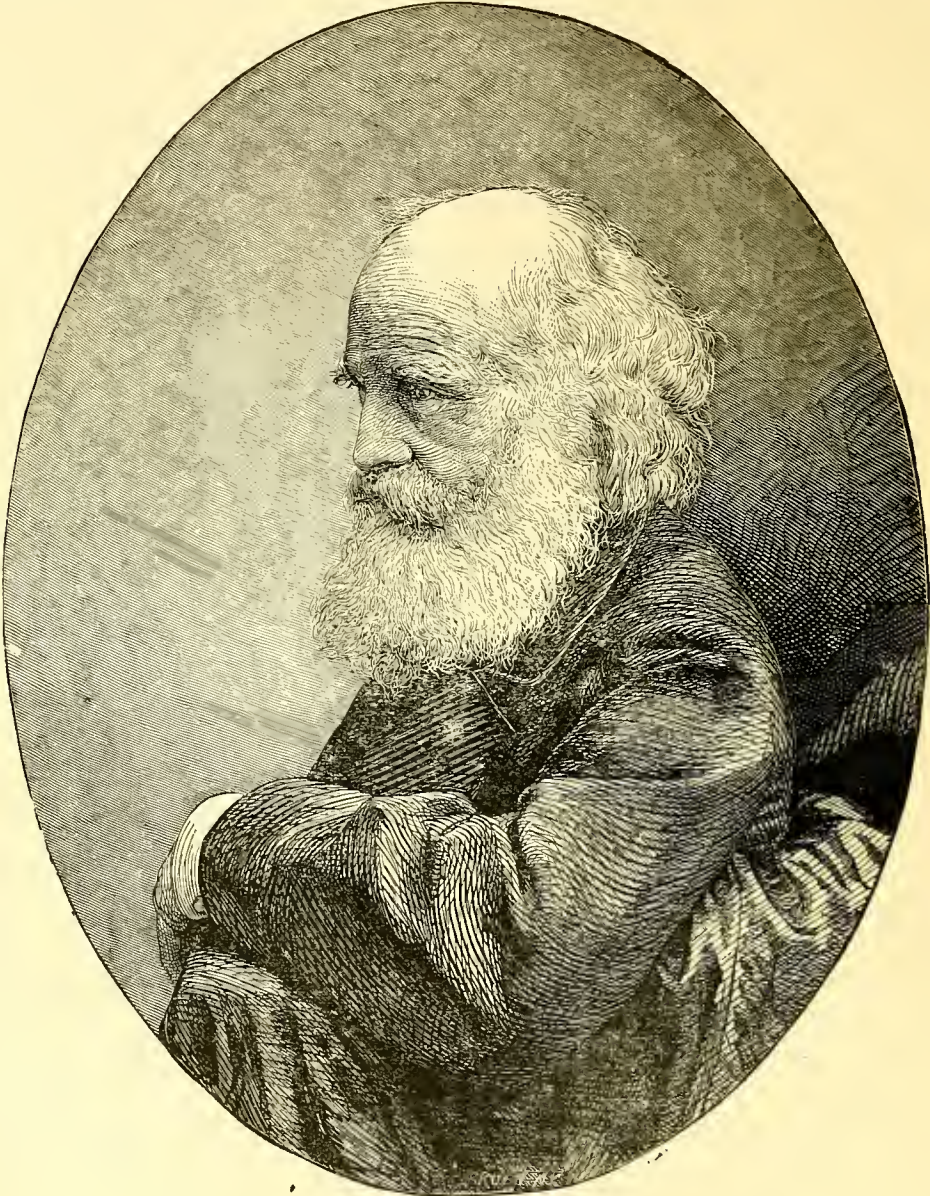
In 1812 Mr. Bryant was married to Miss Frances Fairchild.

During their married life, which was more than half a century, she was like an angel to him.

He was invited to deliver an oration

and in 1826 he became chief editor of the *Evening Post*.

Bryant traveled in Europe a great deal, crossing the ocean six times be-



WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

or poem at Harvard College. The poem he wrote for the occasion was called, "The Ages."

In 1825 Bryant entered journalism,

tween the years 1834 and 1867. When he came back he wrote a book called "Spain and other Countries of Europe."

Among some of his most noted poems

are, "A Day Dream," "The Fringed Gential," "November," "The Past," "Thanatopsis," "To a Water Fowl," "A Forest Hymn," "The Fountain," "Among the Trees," "June," and "The Death of the Flowers."

When Bryant was eighty-two years old he was asked to deliver an oration at the unveiling of a statue in New York. He delivered a poem called, "The Flood of Ages." The weather was very warm, and most of the time he was in the sun.

He walked to the home of General Wilson, his friend. Just as he was entering the door he fell and struck his head on the stone steps. He was taken

home, but he gradually sank until he died, June 12, 1878.

Longfellow said of him, "He was my master in verse, ten years and more my senior, and throughout my whole life I have had the warmest reverential regard for him."

Ralph Waldo Emerson said, "It is certain that Bryant has written some of the very best poetry we have had in America."

Bryant had three homes, one in New York; one called "Cedarmere," at Roslyn, Rhode Island; and the third, the old family homestead at Cummington.

*Ethel G. Reynolds.*

Aged 12.



## ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

### THE URIM AND THUMMIM.



QUESTION: How many Urim and Thummim are there?

Answer: We know of no limit to the number of Urim and Thummim. The Prophet Joseph Smith says (Doctrine and Covenants, sec. 130, verses 8, 9, 10, 11:)

The place where God resides is a great Urim and Thummim.

This earth, in its sanctified and immortal state, will be made like unto crystal and will be a Urim and Thummim to the inhabitants who dwell thereon, whereby all things pertaining to an inferior kingdom, or all kingdoms of a lower order, will be manifest to those who dwell on it; and this earth will be Christ's.

Then the white stone mentioned in Revelations ii: 17 will become a Urim and Thummim to each individual who receives one, whereby things pertaining to a higher order of kingdoms, even all kingdoms, will be made known;

And a white stone is given to each of those who come into the celestial kingdom, whereon

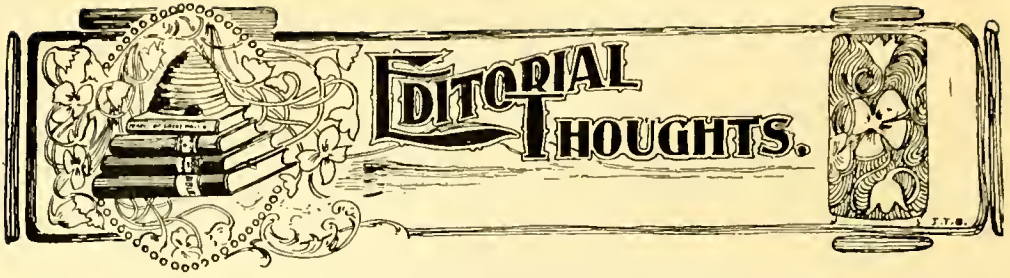
a new name written, which no man knoweth save he that receiveth it.



### "TAKING TURNS" IN PRESIDING.

Question: Is it in accordance with the order of the Priesthood for a president of a stake or a bishop of a ward to take turns with his counselors in presiding or taking charge of meetings when said president or bishop is present?

Answer: No. The officers mentioned preside; though, if they deem it desirable, they can request their counselors to take charge of the services, give out the hymns, etc.; but the presidency is with them, and whenever they wish to resume charge of the meeting they can do so. There is no such thing as taking turns in the presidency by any right possessed by the respective counselors when the president or the bishop is present.



SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, - MAY 1, 1902.

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Joseph F. Smith, - - - General Superintendent  
 George Reynolds, First Asst. General Superintendent  
 J. M. Tanner, Second Asst. General Superintendent

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THE DIME NOVEL.



IT would be difficult to estimate the harmful influences upon the thoughts, feelings, and actions of the young, brought about by the practice of reading dime novels. Books constitute a sort of companionship to everyone that reads, and they create within the heart feelings either for good or for bad. It sometimes happens that parents are very careful about the company which their children keep and are yet very indifferent about the books they read. In the end the reading of a bad book will bring about evil associates.

It seems to be the purpose of our dime novel literature to expose all the real and imaginary vices and crimes which beset man in life. They feed a sort of

morbid curiosity that becomes extremely intoxicating, especially to the young, and they seem to have a poisonous influence over the minds of those who read them, so that the adage is quite true that "Good books enrich, bad books bewitch." The rapid introduction of books and the increased habits of reading are matters that should affect the discipline and concern of every home. With the increase of educational facilities there naturally comes an increase in the acquaintanceship with books, and if parents are wise they will discriminate between the good and the bad book in their homes just as they would discriminate between the good and bad companions for their daughters and sons.

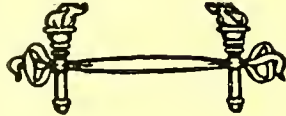
It is not only the boy who reads this strange, weird and unnaturally exciting literature that is affected by its influence, but in time he influences others. This literature becomes the mother of all sorts of evil suggestions that ripen into evil practices and bring about an unnatural and debased feeling which is ever crowding out the good in the human heart and giving place to the bad. It was Shelley who said that "Strange thoughts beget strange deeds," and when our children are reading books that are creating strange and unusual and undesirable thoughts in their minds we need not be surprised to learn that they have committed some unusual, some strange, or unnatural act. It is in the thoughts and feelings that we have to combat the evils and temptations of the world and the purification of our thoughts and feelings should be made

the special effort of every father and mother. Fuller once wrote "It seems my soul is like a filthy pond where fish die soon and frogs live long." It is remarkable how easy it is to learn sin and how hard it is to forget it.

A story is told of an English officer in India, who one day went to the book shelf to take down a book. As he reached his hand up over the volume his finger was bitten by an adder. After a few hours the finger began to swell. Later on the swelling went into his arm and finally the whole body was affected, and in a few days the officer was dead. There are adders concealed in many a cheap and trashy book, and they are always common in dime novels. Their effects upon our souls are poisonous, and in time they are sure to produce a moral and spiritual death. The recent sensational development in Salt Lake City wherein a very young boy is believed to

have been involved in the shedding of the blood of his fellow-man is not without its warnings to parents everywhere. The father ascribed the misfortune of his son to the habit of dime novel reading. The practice is pernicious and youth should be guarded from it as they are guarded from those personal associates that often corrupt the lives of our young. The influence of these novels is all the more dangerous because the feelings and thoughts which they engender in the heart and mind are more or less hidden, and the evil consequences of such reading frequently does not manifest itself until some overt and horrible act is the result of months and sometimes years of imagination and wonderment. Let the Saints beware of the books that enter their homes, for their influences may be as poisonous and deadly as the adder which brought death to the English officer in India.

*Joseph F. Smith.*



### THE STORY OF ZION'S CAMP.

**M**ONDAY, May 5th, marks the anniversary of a most interesting event in the history of the Church, an event that had a strong bearing upon its later history, and upon the destiny of many of its most prominent characters. It was on the date given in the year 1834, just sixty-eight years ago, that a band of young men, led by the Prophet Joseph Smith, left Kirtland, Ohio, at that time the headquarters of the Church, to begin a march of one thousand miles for the purpose of carry-

ing supplies to the destitute Saints, who a few months previous had been cruelly driven by pitiless mobs from their homes in Jackson county, Missouri; also to reinforce and strengthen them; and, if possible, to influence the governor of the State to call out additional force to co-operate in restoring the Saints to their rights.

The organization of Zion's Camp, as the company was called, was in answer to a revelation given February 24th, 1834, in which the Lord commanded the

Prophet Joseph to gather up, "of the strength of mine house" the young and middle aged men from the various branches and conferences of the Church in the Eastern States, and march with them to Missouri to succor the Saints there. Five hundred volunteers were called for, and in response the young men of the Church commenced to assemble in Kirtland in the latter part of April and the beginning of May, ready to sacrifice their time, property and lives if necessary in the interest of their afflicted brethren. On the 1st of May about twenty men left with the baggage wagons; these were soon followed by others, and on the 5th the Prophet Joseph left Kirtland with the main body of the Camp, about one hundred men, well supplied with clothing and other necessities for the relief of their brethren and sisters in Missouri, who had been robbed and plundered of nearly all their possessions.

New Portage, a village some fifty or sixty miles southwest of Kirtland, had been selected as the place of meeting, and here on the 7th and 8th the Camp was fully organized and was found to consist of about one hundred and fifty men and twenty baggage wagons. The company was later joined by others while on the way. Horses, firearms and munitions of war for self defense were amply provided, as the enemies were numerous and threatened the Camp on every hand.

After completing the organization of the Camp into companies of twelve, Joseph Smith being the commander in chief, the march from New Portage was commenced on May 8th. The entire company consisted mostly of young men, and nearly all were Elders, Priests, Teachers or Deacons.

From the beginning the Camp was beset with spies and menaced by the

threats of enemies, but was wonderfully preserved from violence until the march was accomplished.

Every night at the sound of the trumpet, the company bowed before the Lord in the several tents and presented thank offerings with prayer and supplication, before retiring to rest; and at the sound of the morning trumpet every man was again on his knees before the Lord imploring His blessings for the day. The Prophet relates in his history that the Lord was with them and they feared no violence. "We knew His angels were our companions, for we saw them." Several incidents occurred to satisfy all that this was true and that the Lord was aware and mindful of their daily needs and conduct.

The Camp traveled through the States of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, by convenient stages, pitching their tents by the wayside and in the wilderness, stopping occasionally for a few days to refresh their overworked teams. The brethren always remained in camp over Sunday to hold divine service and partake of the Sacrament. The travelers bought flour and meal, baked their own bread or Johnny cake, and cooked their own provisions in their several companies. They were often hard pressed for food and their larder was replenished by fish and game taken on the way. The wagons were so filled with baggage that the brethren had to travel the greater part of the way on foot. The roads were so bad, especially in the beginning of the journey, that men had to assist the horses and draw the wagons through the bad places with ropes.

Traveling in this manner, such a company of men did not fail to excite the curiosity of the people, and efforts were made all along the road to learn who they were, where they were from,

whence were they going and what were their purposes. But this curiosity was never gratified as it was the Prophet's instruction to the members of the company not to make these things known. There were several boys in the Camp, and at times these were questioned by strangers with the same ill success. Among the number of boys so questioned was George A. Smith, afterwards one of the counselors to President Brigham Young. The boy had well learned the valuable life lesson of keeping his own counsel, as the following dialogue will show:

"My boy, where are you from?"

"From the East."

"Where are you going?"

"To the West."

"What for?"

"To see where we can get land cheapest and best."

"Who leads the camp?"

"Sometimes one, sometimes another."

"What name?"

"Captain Wallace, Major Bruce, Orson Hyde, James Allred, etc."

On June 4th the company camped on the banks of the Mississippi river, in the State of Missouri. The enemy made strong threats that the Camp should not cross over into that State. It took two days to cross the river, as it was one mile and a half wide and but one ferry-boat could be had.

While camped here on the borders of Missouri a spirit of disobedience manifested itself in a few selfish and refractory members. This was so displeasing to the Lord that He made known to the Prophet Joseph that a terrible scourge would visit the Camp in consequence of disobedience; the brethren were warned of the impending evil and the disaffected ones entreated to repent. Three weeks later, while encamped on Rush Creek, the cholera broke out among the brethren

as foretold, and within four days some sixty-eight persons were sorely afflicted, and thirteen died before its ravages were stayed. The administration of the healing ordinance was ineffectual, as those who rebuked the disease were immediately attacked themselves. The scourge was stayed upon the members of the Camp entering into a solemn covenant of obedience and loyalty for the future.

Some of the incidents of this remarkable journey show forth the kindly nature and humane spirit that actuated the Prophet, not only towards his brethren and associates, but towards dumb creatures. The brethren often came in contact with snakes, many of which were of a poisonous character. Joseph instructed the brethren not to kill a serpent, bird or animal of any kind during the journey, unless it were necessary to preserve themselves from hunger. On one occasion some of the brethren, while pitching the tent of the Prophet, saw three rattlesnakes and were about to kill them; but Joseph told them to let them alone and not hurt them. He then explained to them the principle upon which the serpent and all the brute creation will lose their venom and ferocity and become harmless and docile. He asked them how the serpent would ever lose its venom while the servants of God possessed the same disposition, and made war upon serpents whenever they saw them. "Men," said he, "must become harmless themselves before they can expect the brute creation to be so. When men lose their vicious dispositions and cease to destroy the animal race, the lion and the lamb can dwell together, and the suckling child play with the serpent with safety."

At Fishing River, on the night of June 19, the Camp had a thrilling experience. Enemies had planned its utter destruction on that night, but the Lord was

ever mindful of His servants and miraculously preserved them from all harm. The members of the Camp now consisted of two hundred and five men and twenty-five baggage wagons. They passed through Richmond, Ray County, at daylight that morning, notwithstanding the threat of their enemies that they should not do so. They intended to reach Clay County that day, but, as it afterward transpired, they were providentially hindered and delayed by several minor accidents and break-downs that occurred on the road, and made but fifteen miles in their travels that day. They camped on an elevated piece of ground between two branches of Fishing River. While making preparations for the night, they were visited by four armed men who apprised them of the gathering of several hundred mobbers, two hundred of whom were from Jackson County, who intended to intercept the Camp that night at this point and wipe it out of existence. But the Lord suddenly sent a severe storm of wind, rain and hail such as had never been heard of before and protected His people by scattering their enemies. Fishing River was but ankle deep when the Camp was formed, and the evening was bright and clear, but both branches of the stream were 40 feet deep the next morning and the mob could not reach the Camp from any direction. The Prophet Joseph thus described the storm: "Very little hail fell in our Camp, but from half a mile to a mile around the stones or lumps of ice cut down the crops of corn and vegetation generally, even cutting limbs from trees, which themselves were twisted into withes by the wind. \* \* \* \* \*

The earth trembled and quaked. \* \* \*

It seemed as if the mandate of vengeance had gone forth from the God of battles to protect His servants from the destruction of their enemies, for the hail

fell on them and not on us." A good wetting was all that the Saints suffered.

Those acquainted with it could not help being affected by this miraculous preservation of Zion's Camp, and the tragic scattering of the mob by the fury of the storm. On Saturday, June 21, two days after the occurrence, the Prophet writes: "Colonel Sconce, with two other leading men from Ray County, came to see us, desiring to know what our intentions were, 'for,' said he, 'I see that there is an Almighty power that protects this people, for I started from Richmond with a company of armed men, having full determination to destroy you, but was kept back by the storm and was not able to reach you.'" A pacific explanation was given and no further violence was attempted.

A delegation from the Camp, consisting of Parley P. Pratt and Orson Hyde, was sent to confer with acting Governor Dunklin at Jefferson City, Missouri, to solicit his aid to reinstate the Saints, who had been unlawfully driven from their homes and robbed of their property. He admitted they were entitled to protection from the State, but expressed himself as fearing that should he call out the militia to co-operate with the Camp in reinstating the people it would plunge the country into a bloody war; he therefore advised the people to sell their lands from which they had been driven, but this cowardly proposition was spurned and rejected. Various propositions were made for the reinstatement of the Saints but without avail, and to this day no compensation has ever been made for the great losses they sustained.

A revelation was given to the Prophet Joseph on June 22, in which the Lord made known His will concerning Zion and her redemption. On account of the transgressions of the Saints, their lack

of unity, and their unwillingness to share their substance with the poor and afflicted among them, Zion, He said, should not at that time be redeemed, but at some future day the Saints should be restored to their inheritances in Jackson County.

On June 25th the Camp was therefore disbanded. Those who had families in the East were told that they might return, but the rest were required to

remain in Missouri. The movement, however, had not been in vain, as it gave the "Mormons" new prominence in the country, and had demonstrated to Saints and sinners alike that the Lord would use the forces of nature to protect His people. Its lessons had also taught the people the necessity of strict and implicit obedience to the Lord's commands to meet His favor and approval.

*Jos. Hyrum Parry.*



## SOME OF OUR COMPOSERS.

### PROFESSOR EVAN STEPHENS.

**T**HAT vocal music is becoming very popular in Utah and has already attained considerable advancement in that direction, is due in great measure to the efforts of a few earnest workers, some of whose life sketches have appeared in previous numbers of the INSTRUCTOR. Chief among these popularizers of music stands the name of Professor Evan Stephens, the leader of the Salt Lake Tabernacle choir, the fame of which as the largest permanent musical organization in America, is almost world-wide. Although naturally modest and retiring, Prof. Stephens, like most musical enthusiasts, possesses considerable self-confidence, vim and spirit, and moreover has the happy faculty of imparting these traits to his choirs and classes. These have, in turn believed themselves equal to any occasion and ready to "attack" any proposition in music that has ever presented itself. It was this spirit that prompted the Tabernacle choir, under Director Steph-

ens, to try for the first prize in the great musical contest at the Chicago World's Fair, in 1893, when it won the second prize, and in the opinion of some was really the winner of the first.

Evan Stephens was born in Pencader, a little hamlet in Carmarthenshire, South Wales, June 28, 1854, being the tenth child of David and Jane Stephens. His father followed the calling of a farm laborer, and his parents had to practice the most rigid economy in order to feed and clothe their large family. As they became old enough the children were obliged to aid in earning their own living. The home of the family was a small straw-thatched cottage, a type of dwelling still common in that part of Wales. Little Evan was a delicate child, but he survived the ills of childhood and became stronger as maturity approached, though he was never a robust man. Before the age of six, Evan attended the village school, which was an English one, and he did not understand a word of that

language. When ten years old he was employed on a farm to herd sheep and cattle, and do other light work.

The parents of Evan Stephens were both Latter-day Saints before he was born, and he was baptized when about eight years old. The branch meetings were held at the home of his parents, and some of the features of the services made strong impressions upon his young mind. Referring to his earliest recollections of the singing of hymns, he says



PROFESSOR EVAN STEPHENS.

that the effect it had upon him was poetical rather than musical, as the singing was all in one part.

In 1866 he with his parents came to Utah with others of their children. An elder son Thomas, and a daughter, as often happened in those early days, preceded the family to Zion, and by their industry aided the family to immigrate. The family went to Willard, Boxelder Co. Here the experiences and adversi-

ties of the next twelve years were certainly not encouraging to the development of musical talent, except for one redeeming circumstance. Willard at that time possessed an unusually good choir, for those days, and young Evan joined this organization and became a boy alto. For seven years after his arrival in Willard Evan was employed as a farm hand, and occasionally as a mason's clerk or hod carrier. When about 19 years old he changed his employment and became a section hand on the Utah Northern railroad. This was a decided promotion, as he not only received cash wages, but the change offered another advantage, as he now had to work but ten hours a day. He thus found a little time to study music, in which he had become intensely interested since joining the Willard choir. He was very much attached to the leader, Brother Daniel Tovey, but was too timid and bashful to seek help in his first efforts to learn to read music. The choir's basso, Elder Shadrach Jones, was a great lover of music, and was the mason whom Evan helped to build walls, and who in turn inspired the boy with an admiration for the great Welsh musicians, and for Handel, the great master. His brother John Stephens also, in describing the musical contests of the Welsh people impelled young Evan to new and greater efforts and to dream of grand performances, though he did not then associate himself with the conceptions in which he reveled. When Evan had entered his sixteenth year his brother Thomas bought a small organ, and being at home that winter he began to play on what has always been his favorite instrument. He made such progress in the study of music that during the temporary absence of the choir leader, the following year, Evan was invited to take his place, and undertook to teach the choir in two months, twenty-four hymns and

anthems to sing at the general conference of the Church in Salt Lake City. About this time he managed to purchase, with wheat, a small cabinet organ, and he became the only organist and his the only organ in town. He had also composed considerable music, some of which was sung at local concerts in the winter of 1870-71. During this winter and most of the time until he ceased manual labor, eight years later, he carried out, in addition to his other duties, the following program of musical work during the week: As organist for the Sunday School, he performed at one rehearsal and on Sunday morning; he led the choir at two meetings, and one rehearsal; and when concerts were given, one or two additional rehearsals were held; and he led the singing at one quorum meeting. Up to his twentieth year his musical compositions had been written at odd moments, but now, having to work but ten hours a day, he could give more time, and greater regularity to music. He also read much, being particularly fond of poetry and the drama. In 1879 the Logan choir needed an organist and Evan Stephens was invited to take the place by Professor Alexander Lewis, being offered a situation as a blacksmith's striker at \$2 a day if he would come to Logan. As this was another "promotion" he accepted it. Six weeks of striking for a blacksmith was all he could endure and he gave up his pleasant association with the Logan choir and returned to Willard. He was immediately urged to go back to Logan and engage in teaching music. This upon due consideration he decided to do, and in the month of April, 1880, he dropped manual labor and began his career as a professional musician. He commenced by giving eight or ten hour lessons daily to private pupils on the organ, but soon had singing classes, both juvenile and adult.

From the outset of his career as a teacher, Professor Evan Stephens has been able to interest children and young people in music. Concerts given by him and his young classes surprised and delighted the people and attracted the attention of some of the general authorities of the Church. These entertainments demonstrated his ability to successfully train large singing classes of young people. Two years of this work afforded him means to carry out a long-cherished desire to go to Salt Lake City and take up the study of the great organ with Professor Joseph J. Daynes. He later went to Boston and spent ten months in the New England Conservatory of Music.

As in Willard and in Logan, Professor Stephens' forte and talent for teaching music on a wholesale plan was soon utilized in Salt Lake by the organization of large juvenile and adult singing classes, glee clubs and opera companies, besides the work of forming and training the enlarged Tabernacle choir, which he begun about twelve years ago. The choir now numbers some 600 enrolled members.

Prof. Stephens is an indefatigable composer. Many of our most popular Sunday School songs were composed by him, and first attracted attention to his ability in this direction. He has published several musical text-books, mainly for the use of his own classes. He was also one of the compilers of the Latter-day Saints Psalmody, many of the hymn tunes being composed by him. He likewise arranged a missionary four-part song book, and a book of original anthems, both of which are very popular.

Such in brief is the remarkable career of one whose origin and early surroundings were anything but auspicious for the development of a great musical genius.

than whom there are few if any greater in America.

From the beginning of his musical career, the efforts of Professor Stephens have been directed to popularizing vocal music as a branch of education, by having it taught in the schools in a practical and methodical way, in so plain and simple a manner as to be within the comprehension of even the unmusical. Eighteen years of work with the Normal students at the University of Utah, and two years at the Latter-day Saints University, and the introduction and establishment of the study of music in the district schools of Salt Lake City have partly fulfilled his aspirations in this direction. Next to the school work, Brother Stephens has sought to popularize vocal music through the formation of large singing classes, both primary and advanced, at a nominal tuition fee. These choruses have been further used to popularize music in the community by giving public concerts, which have made many of these classes practically free and self-sustaining. In no other city in the world is such a result obtainable save through municipal or other aid. The purpose has been to closely associate these classes with the Tabernacle and Ward choirs, so that one branch will build up the other, that musical activity may flow in useful and desirable channels.

It is the aim of Professor Stephens to place in the Tabernacle a choir of such magnitude and excellence that it will at once challenge the admiration of the world, and refute the cry of "ignorance," "want of refinement," etc., which the enemies of the Latter-day Saints are wont to raise against us; in short to make it the largest and best church choir in the world. In twelve years much has been accomplished toward this end. In addition to singing for possibly 100,000 traveling public who have attended the Tabernacle services, the choir invaded and won laurels in the outside world on four occasions—the World's Fair at Chicago, the Eisteddfod at Denver and to the Pacific coast twice. This big organization is self-supporting, notwithstanding that the music, excursions, and the incidental expenses of such a body have amounted to nearly \$75,000 in the last twelve years.

The Tabernacle choir has ever been loyal to home talent. In all its programs either at home or abroad, Professor Stephens has placed the work of local composers side by side with that of the world's masters. So well has this arrangement succeeded that a local number now creates neither surprise nor special comment, but is received on its merits.

*J. H. P.*



## SCHOOLS IN SAMOA.

BY A SAMOAN GIRL.



THINK you would like to hear a little about far away Samoa.

When the boys and girls grow up to be six or seven years old they start

to attend school. Early in the morning you may see them going to school with their slates and pencils. When they get in the school house they sit down very

quietly on the floor until the teacher writes something on the blackboard for them to do. They generally learn arithmetic, writing and how to read in the Bible. They do not have to learn how to spell because every word can be spelled by its sound. There is school four days each week. Every morning they have school from 8 o'clock to 10, then school lets out for the day. At about half-past six they all come in again, this time carrying their Bibles along with them. When the children get in they sit there without saying a word for fear of punishment. If the teacher hears them talking he will get the one that spoke first and make him hold out his hand in front of him, then he will hit it with his stick. That is the punishment for them when they talk. They continue going to school until they get to the high school, they then become village teachers.

These schools are much different from our "Mormon" schools. You can tell the difference by their actions and the way they dress. All children down there dress about the same. The girls wear dresses with short sleeves and low necks, and not very long. Besides this, they get four yards of any kind of cloth and cut it in two, then sew them together again to get the proper width, and put

that around their waists. The boys wear the same dress as the girls around their waists. They wear shirts, however, instead of the low necked waists worn by the girls. This is the kind of dress they wear when they go to school as well as at other times.

The "Mormon" girls wear a kind of belt waist dress when they go to school, and on Sunday they dress up quite neatly to go to church. The boys also dress nicely. Of course they used to wear the same dress as the other Samoan children before the "Mormon" Elders came down. Since the Elders have been laboring there they have taught the school boys and girls how to dress well. Now you can see the difference between the way the "Mormon" school children dress and the way the Samoan schools dress.

The "Mormon" school is the best on the Island. It does not matter where a "Mormon" school is, it is always the best. Down on the Islands if you meet a boy or girl that can speak good English you can tell that he or she has been going to the "Mormon" school. Some of the people do not believe the "Mormons" can teach anything, but you can't imagine how much the Elders have done since they have been there.

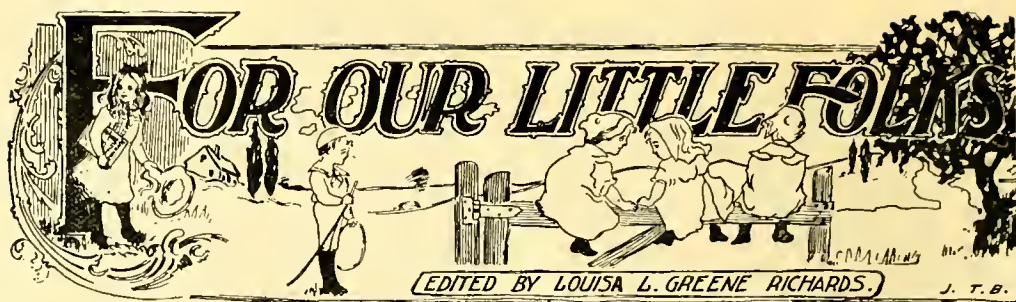
*Nellie Josephs.*



#### HOW SHALL WE KNOW?

How shall we know that what we say  
Or what we sing,  
Brings peace to souls who go their way  
In suffering?  
We know because the gentle word  
And grateful song  
Have soothed us when with hope deferred  
The way seemed long.  
How shall we know that kindly thought  
Or breathed prayer,  
Is balm to souls whose paths are fraught  
With ceaseless care?

We know because our darkest ways  
Unbidden shine  
With cheering gleams—reflected rays  
Of light divine.  
Go thou then forth, with song, with cheer;  
Go forth with prayer,  
For souls bowed low with woe and fear  
Are everywhere;  
And not one thought or act of love  
Or tenderness  
But will return a homing dove  
Your soul to bless. *Selected.*



### HOW A GROVE WAS PLANTED.

**T**HERE was once a large, tall oak tree which cast its shadow very far out around. A little streamlet ran along about a rod away from the tree.

The little children would come and play games under its huge branches. Among all the games which they played were mumble-peg, base ball, ginnie-peg, or tippy-cat, and hopscotch.

A pair of squirrels lived in the tree, and often they would think how good the tree was to let them have their home in its trunk, and to let them have the acorns to eat and also to store away for winter.

There were no other trees around there, but the squirrels got all they wanted and some over from the one tree. When sportsmen would come, the squirrels would run up into the deep shade of the branches and hide among the leaves until the men or boys had gone away. After the hunters had gone the squirrels would run briskly down the trunk again, and gather nuts as they had before. This was repeated every time any danger was at hand and they never got hurt once.

By and by there were lots more squirrels born which grew up from out of the same old hole in the trunk of the great tree. But as the squirrels kept increasing the tree kept growing larger and bearing more acorns.

One autumn when the squirrels were gathering the acorns there were more

than they wanted, and so some dropped to the ground and got buried up in the rich, fine soil. Finally the seeds took root, and in that way came more little oak trees into the large, wide world which they had never thought of coming into. They soon grew up very tall; they grew so fast that the wild rabbits had hardly time to spy them out and nibble the bark off their young stems. And the trees were glad of it, because if their bark had been nibbled off it might have killed them.

One year the oak tree did not bear so many acorns, and so the squirrels had to go down into the valley and get their winter's supply from fruit trees. Of course it was much more trouble, but they had to do it or else starve.

There were two little children down there, a boy and a girl. The two children would put fruit in a place where the squirrels could easily find it, for they liked to watch the little animals. And the squirrels got so that they liked to get their food down there. They became so interested in going down there that they gathered too much food, and so let it lay on the ground. And some of the fruit, with its seed, got buried up in the soil.

These, too, by and by took root, and they also began to sprout up. When they had got through the worst part they too grew up nicely.

By this time the young oak trees were beginning to bear acorns.

The fruit trees grew year after year, and soon bore fruit which the children

in the valley liked to come up and pick when it was ripe.

By and by a nice, good, shady grove was there, where people would come for rest and shade on hot, summer days. And the young folks would have parties in the grove, and some times they would have ice cream and lemonade and other cool, refreshing things served, and would have very nice times. They could hear the squirrels chatting and the birds singing, which was very pleasant.

One day about the sixth of May, the trees were surprised to see something very bright and all colors, coming towards the grove. When it was far off the bonnets of the children, (for that was what the bright thing was,) looked like a flower garden and that was what the trees thought it must be, a moving flower-bed.

As it drew nearer the trees could see that it was a crowd of children. They belonged to a school in the valley.

The teacher of these children had been teased so much about going for a walk that she had planned to have a very nice time.

It happened that this day came on Monday, and so they had a fair chance to prepare for it on Saturday and Sunday.

When the children were almost at the grove, they ran to get in the shade and have a nice, cool drink of water from the brook which ran by the old oak tree.

The teacher and some of the older boys and girls were carrying the baskets of lunch, which were full up to the brim with good things to be eaten when dinner time should come.

When they reached the grove they took off their hats because it was so nice and cool, after walking in the hot sun so long. At about twelve o'clock they sat down on the green by the brook's side to eat the lunch for which they had good appetites.

When they wanted a drink they would pass the cup or bucket to the ones nearest to the brook, who would gayly serve the others.

When they had eaten their dinner the children began their games. Some of the larger boys put up a swing for the little children. The first ones to have a swing were two little girls. When they first went up they were very much frightened and one of them went very white in the face; but after going up a few times they were all right. After they got through, the others took turns in swinging.

Some of the larger boys had brought with them their guns to shoot rabbits or other game, while others had brought their balls and clubs to play ball with.

They all had a very enjoyable time there, and at about four o'clock they went home.

Among the trees of the grove there were patches of very pretty and sweet scented flowers. Old people enjoyed coming and resting in the shade of the big trees. While sitting there they would talk of the olden times which had passed years and years ago. But best of all they liked to tell and to hear the story of how the grove was planted.

*David S. Williams.*

Aged 12 years.



#### FLOWER TALK.

From under her coverlet Snowdrop calls,  
"Peep!

The grass is starting, are you asleep,  
My sister flowers?" "Ha!" Violet cries,  
And half way opens her sleepy eyes.

"Jasmine, Crocus, and Buttercup,  
The snow has left us—wake up, wake up!"  
"Heh!" snores Crocus—"I hear, I hear—  
And will be with you in a moment, dear."

Buttercup throws on her golden hat,  
And hastens to see what the others are at.

Some have answered, "Not yet, oh, no!  
Let us alone! We must sleep and grow."

Almondbuds whispered, "Too early, we think,  
For our new dresses of white and of pink."  
Jasmine grumbled, "Mine 's on the way,  
But I don't believe it will get here today."

"More green for our leaves," Honeysuckle said,  
"Ere we put on our yellow and white and red."  
Tulips murmured, with meaning deep,  
"A little more slumber, a little more sleep!"

"Don't clamor!" cried Rose. "Be patient, and  
wait;

I am sleepy yet, and it is not late."  
Then all the flowers of the garden heard,  
And each in its cradle bed gently stirred.

And Lilac answered, in grave, sweet tone,  
"Let us listen for Sunbeam's telephone.  
Do you know that the heart of every flower  
Must be touched by the X-rays' quickening  
power?"

"We shall be rung up! Each remember your  
ring,  
And none need fret over anything.  
The Sun is true, he will smile and shine,  
Using the Breeze's safe, sure line.

The maker of Sun hath made us all—  
Sun so mighty and us so small.  
We live and love, and our work is done  
To the honor and glory of that dear One."

*L. L. G. R.*



### JUST A LITTLE BOY.

There is a boy in our town  
(And he is wondrous wise),  
Who, when the rain comes pouring down  
And clouds o'erspread the skies,  
Says, "I'll just smile the best I can,  
No matter how it pours;  
And we'll have sunshine in the house  
If it does rain out of doors."

When naughty words swarm through his  
brain

And clamor to be said,  
He shuts his teeth together tight  
And says, "I'll kill you dead,  
Unless you will be sweet and kind,  
And good and full of fun;  
You can't come out until you are—  
No; not a single one."

He thinks when he's a grown-up man,  
With wise and sober face,  
He'll do some wondrous deed to make  
This earth a brighter place;  
But nothing in this whole wide world  
Can give more lasting joy,  
Or make more solid sunshine,  
Than just a little boy.

*Selected.*



### TO THE LETTER-BOX.

#### A Broken Arm.

JUNCTION, PIUTE CO., UTAH.

One day my play-mate and I went  
horseback riding. We were both on  
one horse. After a while I fell off, and  
my play-mate fell on the top of me and  
my left arm was broken. We had to  
ride forty miles to get my arm set. But  
before we went the Elders administered  
to me, and I felt better and got along  
all right. We have a good Sunday  
School and Primary here, and I have  
nice times going to them,

Your new friend,

STELLA SUDWEEKS.



#### A New School House.

WOODRUFF, IDAHO.

We have a new school house here.  
This is the first year we have had school  
in it. Our teacher is Mr. Thomas Hal-  
low. I like school, and take much  
pleasure in reading the JUVENILE IN-  
STRUCTOR.

Your friend,

WILLIAM ASHTON.



#### A Beautiful Dream.

PRESTON, IDAHO.

The Lord has blessed me in many  
ways. On my eighth birthday I was very  
sick, and the Elders administered to me  
and I got well. I know it was by the  
power of the Lord that I was made

well. I had such a lovely dream, I want others to hear it. I dreamed I was in heaven, and I asked Jesus if I could not stop up there with Him. He commenced singing a beautiful song, of which I can remember only this, "Obey your father and mother."

VIVIRON DAYNES.

Aged 9 years.



#### A Far-reaching Prayer.

LOGAN, UTAH,

My papa takes the JUVENILE and I like to read the letters. I have a brother on a mission in England, laboring in the London Conference. This is the first time I have written to the JUVENILE. I am eight years old. May God bless everybody.

METTA NEWBOLD.



#### Visited the Temple.

COLONIA JUAREZ, MEXICO.

I am a little Mormon girl, nine years old. Two years ago my mama went to the Salt Lake Temple for her health. She took my little brother and me with her. While mama was doing her work in the Temple, myself and little brother were taken all through that great house of the Lord. We went up on the top of the building and it was very lovely. I hope my letter is not too long.

GENEVA WHIPPLE.



#### What Happened on Christmas.

MANTI, UTAH.

My papa is on a mission. He went away several months ago. Last Christmas our baby girl was very sick, but the Bishop came and administered to her and she got well right quick, so it was a

good and happy Christmas for us. I shall soon be eleven years old.

HARALD FELT.



#### Healed by Administration.

OAKLAND, UTAH.

We live ten miles from Springville. I am eight years old. Something over two years ago one of my sisters had scarlet fever, and following that she had an abscess behind her ear, which the doctors said would have to be cut and a piece of bone taken out before she would get well. She was very weak, but we all had faith that she would get well. Papa and mama took her to fast-meeting and she was administered to by a number of the brethren. She began to get better and was soon well. We thank the Lord for blessing her, and know that if we are good and have faith in Him, He will bless us.

LUCY ANN PHILLIP.



#### The River.

I come from the hills and mountains,  
From the far off springs and fountains.  
Sometimes in a dazzling spray,  
As I journey on my way.

I leap over rocks and ridges,  
And pass under cliffs and bridges;  
Through gullies my mad stream gushes,  
Sweeping past the reeds and rushes.

When I rise in a mighty flood,  
I am filled with dirt and mud.  
Wagons are crossing me day by day,  
Loaded with grain, or wood, or hay.

Often to stop me on my way  
Men work from morn till close of day;  
But while they sleep in the hush of night,  
I run in the dark or the moon's pale light.

With music my wild song fills  
Valleys, canyons, woods and hills;

Dashing on all night and day,  
I never have the time to play.

My kindred join me as I flow,  
Then to the ocean or lake we go.  
Man's work prevails "from sun to sun,"  
But my day's work is never done.

*William Baker, age 12.*

ST. GEORGE.

### Easter Thought Of.

SPANISH FORK.

My baby sister is two weeks old. She is very sweet. I am nine years old and I read in the fourth reader. I like to dance and I go to the little dances. Easter is a week from next Sunday.

Our little crowd is going to a nice grove.  
Goodby.

BLISS LEWIS.

Fatherless.

GILES, WAYNE CO.

We live in a town. My mama subscribed for the JUVENILE and had the papers come in my name. My mama teaches me to go to Sunday School and Primary. My papa died nine years ago, when I was only a year old. This is the first letter I ever wrote.

Your new friend,

ANNIE GILES, age 10.



### SAILING.

By Ioan ap Iorwerth.

Sail - ing on the wa - ter, In our lit - tle boat, . . Singing a song to -  
Sail - ing on the wa - ter, With hearts so light and gay, . . Caring for nought but

gether, Gen - tly as we float, The stars were shin - ing brightly, The  
pleasure, Gai - ly our oars did play; And to the sound of mu - sic, We

moon was climbing the hill, Our boat floating on so lightly, And the night so calm and still  
glid - ed smoothly a long; And the waves they seem to mum - ic The rhythm of our song.

*Adagio Tem. From Pomp.*  
Sailing, sail - ing over the bright, blue waves, Sail - ing, sailing over the bright, blue waves.

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